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AN EVENING PRAYER.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Take unto Thyself, O Father,
This folded day of Thine,
This weary day of mine;
Its ragged corners cut me yet.
O, still the jar and fret!
Father, do not forget
That I am tired
With this day of Thine.

Breathe Thy pure breath, watching Father,
On this marred day of Thine,
This wandering day of mine;
Be patient with its blur and blot,
Wash it white of stain and spot;
Reproachful eyes! remember not
That I have grieved Thee
On this day of Thine.

H. M. STANLEY'S TESTIMONY.

In a recent interview between Mr. Stanley and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished explorer said: "I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What I wanted, and what I have been endeavoring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. I was out there, away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'Why on earth does he stop here?' For months after we met I found myself listening to him, and wondering at the old man's carrying out all that was said in the Bible. Little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; mine was awakened; seeing his pity, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there!"

THE DEVIL'S MISSIONARY.

All vessels bound for West and South Africa, coming from ports in Europe or America, stop at Madeira. Here is the list of spirituous liquors which passed through in one week; it is taken from the daily returns posted in Liverpool:

960,000 cases of Gin	\$1,200,000
24,000 butts of Rum	1,200,000
30,000 cases of Brandy	450,000
28,900 cases of Irish Whiskey	280,000
800,000 demijohns of Rum	1,200,000
36,000 barrels of Rum	360,000
30,000 cases of Old Tom	300,000
15,000 barrels of Absinthe	225,000
47,000 cases of Vermouth	15,000

—Bombay Guardian.

Those who feared that the splendid "Reception" given to the Universal Peace Congress and friends to the number of one thousand by the Lord Mayor of London, was too expensive for his purse, will be relieved to know that the city appropriates \$50,000 a year for occasions like that.

A PROPOSAL OF DISARMAMENT.

During the palmy days of the Second Empire, at a time when Napoleon the Third was supposed to entertain hostile designs against this country, four Liverpool merchants gained a temporary notoriety, mingled with an expression of ridicule which was scarcely merited, by writing a letter to the French potentate, asking him to state distinctly what his intentions really were. We are reminded of this almost forgotten incident by a curious scene which took place the other day in the American Senate, when, during a discussion on the Naval Supply Bill, Senator Blair declined to vote for three additional battle-ships, until Great Britain, in her naval and military capacity, had been requested to "bunk" from the shores of the North American Continent generally. The Senator is most explicit in his demands. He asks that Great Britain should "vacate Puget Sound, start herself from Halifax, leave the Bermudas, and quit Jamaica." He believes, moreover, that, if the matter were properly put before us, we should accede to this modest request, and then Uncle Sam would not need any more war-vessels, for it would seem that Great Britain is the only foreign Power which causes him any uneasiness. Senator Blair's proviso was rejected, but nevertheless we may be sure that his proposal struck an approving chord in the breasts of many of his countrymen. It simply states, in a naked, brutal way, the celebrated Monroe doctrine. The American Eagle wants no European Monarchies roosting on her soil. She does not mind Republics, provided they are feeble for offensive purposes; and, now that Emperor Peter has been ejected from Brazil, there is but one objectionable interloper between the North Pole and Cape Horn. His name is John Bull; and, despite all the talk about the traditional friendship between two kindred nations, there are other people in the United States besides Senator Blair who would be glad to see John also depart.—*Illustrated London News*.

WELL CONDUCTED FARMS.

A correspondent of the New Hampshire *Telegram* says: "I saw the neat farms of the Enfield Shakers the other day, lying along a picturesque hillside and with meadows sloping down to the beautiful Mascoma lake. There is the germ of the plan for carrying on farms in a systematic and intelligent manner. The usual process is for one hundred men to scatter over ten square miles of territory and build one hundred different sets of farm buildings and fit up with one hundred stocks of animals and tools, and then go to work to barter and trade with each other, calling in a lot of lawyers and merchants to help them, and in ten years five or six men own all the farms that the lawyers and storekeepers and saloon-keepers have not gobbled, and the other ninety-odd are paying interest on mortgages or driven into the factories or shops for a living."

Harmonious co-operation of communities insures short hours of labor, good food, pleasant surroundings and provision for old age. Seek first the kingdom of Heaven and all else shall be added.—*Republic*.

Let thy cross my will control,
Conform me to my Guide,
In the manger lay my soul
And crucify my pride.

—Toplady.